

# The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.  
 Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,  
 In sharing out that which you haue pild from me :  
 Which of you trembles not that looke on me ?  
 If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,  
 Yet that by you depolde, you quake like rebels:  
 O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

*Glo.* Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

*Qu. M.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,  
 That will I make, before I let thee goe:  
 A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,  
 And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagance:  
 The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,  
 And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
 When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,  
 And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,  
 And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,  
 Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:  
 His curses then from bitterness of soule,  
 Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,  
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloodie deed.

*Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
 And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

*Ri.* Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

*Buc.* Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

*Qu. M.* What were you smarling all before I came,  
 Readie to catch each other by the throat,  
 And turne you now your hatred all on me ?  
 Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauē,  
 That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,  
 Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,  
 Could all but answere for that peeuissh brat ?  
 Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen ?  
 Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:  
 If not by warre, by surfet die your king ?  
 As our by murder, to make him a king.

of Ri

Edward thy sonne, which no  
 For Edward my son, which  
 Die in his youth, by like vnt  
 Thy selfe a Queene, for me  
 Out liue thy glorie, like my  
 Long maist thou liue to wait  
 And see another, as I see the  
 Deckt in thy glorie, as thou  
 Long die thy happie daies  
 And after many lengthened  
 Die neither mother, wife, no  
 Riuer and Dorset, you were  
 And so was thou Lo. Hastings  
 Was stabd with bloody dag  
 That none of you may liue  
 But by some vnlookt acciden

*Glo.* Haue done thy charn

*Qu. M.* And leaue out the  
 If heauen haue any greuous  
 Exceeding those that I can v  
 O let them keepe it till thy  
 And then hurle downe thei  
 On thee the troubler of the  
 The worme of conscience  
 Thy friends suspect for tray  
 And take deepe traytors for  
 No sleepe close vp that dead  
 Vnlesse it be whilest some  
 Affrights thee, with a hell of  
 Thou cluiss markt, abortiu  
 Thou that wast seald in thy  
 The slaue of nature, and the  
 Thou slaunder of thy moth  
 Thou loathed issue of thy fa  
 Thou rag of honour, thou d

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Qu. M.* Richard.

*Qu. Ma.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* Then I erie thee mer